

GHOSTLY TALES OF SPINE-CHILLING HORROR

WEIRD TERROR

WEIRD TERROR

SEPT
NO. 1

10c

YOU ARE
TRAPPED...HEH, HEH!
TRAPPED IN THE
DUNGEON OF THE
DOOMED!



COMIC



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X-GESTAPO COLONEL ERIC HAUSNER FLED TO SOUTH AMERICA TO ESCAPE THE HORROR AND MADNESS THAT WAS ADOLPH HITLER AND NAZI GERMANY--BUT HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF NOT LISTENING TO OR BELIEVING THE TERRIBLE CURSES OF A DYING MAN. WHEN THE WEIRD HORDES OF HELL SPEWED FORTH TO CLAIM HIM--NOTHING ON THIS EARTH COULD STOP HIM FROM SEEING...

HITLER'S HEAD!



GOOD! YOU HAVE NOT LOST YOUR AIM! THAT IS A GREAT CONSOLATION! DISMISSED!

ERIC -- WHAT HAS COME OVER YOU? YOU ARE FRIGHTENED OF YOUR OWN SHADOW! WHY SHOULD YOUR BODYGUARD NEED TARGET PRACTICE!

SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAS HAPPENED. DOCTOR! ORDINARILY I AM A BRAVE MAN! BUT--NOW I'M NOT SURE!

YOU KNOW WHY WE ARE HERE, GERHARDT! WE ARE ALL NAZIS-- AND WE ESCAPED INTO THIS COUNTRY! BUT WHAT IF I WERE TO TELL YOU THAT SOMEONE-- SOMETHING ELSE FOLLOWED US...

WHO COULD THAT BE, ERIC? WE BOTH KNOW ALL WHO ARE HERE! ALL OF US HAVE TAKEN ASSUMED IDENTITIES!

YES! I'M KNOWN AS EMILIO HARODA, THE WEALTHY IMPORTER--INSTEAD OF ERIC HAUSNER, THE GESTAPO COLONEL! BUT LAST NIGHT-- WELL--LET ME TELL IT TO YOU FROM THE BEGINNING...

"YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THOSE LAST DAYS IN GERMANY! THE ALLIES AND THE RUSSIANS HAD SURROUNDED BERLIN. WE WERE BOMBARED FOR DAYS--AND DEATH AND DESTRUCTION WERE EVERYWHERE..."



HITLER WAS IN HIS SECRET VAULT UNDER THE REICH CHANCELLERY. ALL THE TOP NAZIS WERE THERE -- GOEBBELS, HIMMLER, SCHULTZ, KRAMER... AND I! HE SHRIEKED AND CURSED, ME...

YOU HAVE NOT KILLED ENOUGH, HAUSNER! YOUR CONCENTRATION CAMP REPORTS HAVE NOT BEEN GORY ENOUGH! MURDER IS WHAT I ORDERED. I WANT MORE DEAD!



BUT THE WAR IS LOST... I CAN'T KILL ANYMORE!

IE! TREACHERY! COME BACK HERE, YOU PIG! I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU. YOU DIE WITH ME FOR YOUR CHICKEN-HEARTED SQUEAMISHNESS! COME BACK! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!

I CAN AND I WILL! YOU'RE DYING AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE DEAD! GOODBYE FOREVER, FUHRER!



YOU KNOW THE REST! WE ESCAPED BY SUBMARINE AT A SECRET DOCK ON THE SEACOAST! YOU MET ME THERE--AND WITH OUR MEN, WE ESCAPED! SO FAR, WE HAVE REMAINED UNDETECTED, BUT--



"LAST NIGHT I AWAKENED SUDDENLY TERROR-STRICKEN!"

I IMAGINED A FIGURE IN BLACK STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF MY ROOM... HOVERING OVER ME..."



IT IS YOUR FUHRER, HAUSNER! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD REALLY ESCAPE ME? I CAME BACK FROM HELL FOR YOU!

AHHHHHH! HELP! CARL--HANS! HELP!

IT CAME FOR ME WITH OUTSTRETCHED CLAWS-- SOMEHOW, IT HAD CHANGED INTO AN EVEN MORE EVIL MONSTER! IT'S FETID BREATH AND BLOODSHOT EYES WERE CLOSE TO MY FACE! I SPRANG BACK FRANTICALLY-SCREAMING WITH MORTAL HORROR...



COME ERIC! DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE ME? WHERE IS YOUR LOYALTY? WHERE IS YOUR LOVE? HA, HA!

YAAAAAH! GET BACK! D-DON'T TOUCH ME! I-I'LL KILL YOU!



I'LL CHOKE THE EVIL BREATH OUT OF YOUR ROTTED THROAT! I-I'LL SMASH YOUR FACE IN! LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE!



"I MUST HAVE FAINTED. THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS LYING PROPPED UP AGAINST THE WALL OF MY ROOM, GLIBBERING WITH HORROR. IT WAS DAWN. OF THAT WEIRD APPARITION, THERE WAS NO TRACE..."

THIS WAS NO DREAM! IT WAS REAL--REAL... MUST WARN EVERYONE... MUST BE PROTECTED...



HOW DOES ONE TELL HIS MEN--MEN WHO HAVE BEEN THROUGH BITTER WAR CAMPAIGNS WITH HIM -- THAT OUR FUHRER IS HERE? WAS IT A NIGHTMARE -- OR AM I INSANE?



④ FEW HOURS LATER ERIC HAUSNER, NOW RELAXED AFTER RELATING HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE TO DR. GERHARDT, SITS IN HIS LIBRARY WRITING...



THE TWO MEN RACED DOWN THE CASTLE THROUGH A CORRIDOR TO THE DUNGEONS USED CENTURIES AGO FOR PRISONERS -- NOW LIVING QUARTERS FOR THE MEN. ERIC HAUSNER TRIED TO KEEP CALM...

UGH! THIS WAS HITLER'S FAVORITE TORTURE--THE ONE I APPLIED TO SO MANY OF MY PRISONERS IN THE CAMP! BUT WHY SHOULD CARL HANG HIMSELF? WHY?



WHY DO YOU ASK,
ERIC HAUSNER? YOU
WERE OUR MASTER'S
CHIEF HANGMAN! HAVE
YOU FORGOTTEN SO
SOON?

HANS--! DO
YOU SEE
THEM? THEY
ARE WAITING
TO GRAB ME!



THIS SHALL BE YOUR FATE! ONE AFTER ANOTHER WILL DIE! DEATH WILL COME CLOSER AND CLOSER --AND YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE! OUR MASTER WARNED YOU LONG AGO...TAKE HEED! HA, HA, HA!

AAAAAAEEE!
I'M GETTING
OUT OF
HERE!

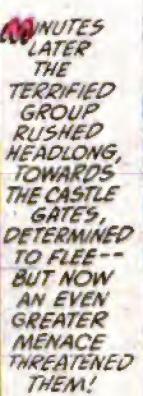


COLONEL! WHERE ARE
YOU GOING! WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SURELY YOU ARE
JOKING--

N--NO! BAR THAT DOOR,
HANS! DON'T LET ANY OF
THOSE CREATURES OUT
OF THERE ON YOUR LIFE!
KEEP THEM AWAY FROM
ME!



HOURS PASSED, AND ERIC HAUSNER MADE PREPARATIONS TO LEAVE THE CASTLE FOR GOOD. BUT THE NIGHT OF THE LAST DINNER, THE MANY GRUESOME EXPERIENCES CONTINUED.



THE DESPERATE GROUP NOW RUSHED BACK DOWN THE CASTLE STEPS INTO A CAVERN OF WEIRD SURROUNDINGS -- A CAVERN THAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE BURIAL GROUNDS FOR THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE.

**FOLLOW ME -- AND WE WILL WAIT HERE
UNTIL MORNING. WE SHALL BE SAFE
FROM THE FLOOD!**

NOT EVEN THE DEMONS
CAN GET THROUGH
THIS RING OF GUNS!



HA, HA, HA...YOU HAVE TRIED
TO FLEE FROM ME AGAIN,
HAUSNER! WHEN WILL
YOU AND YOUR MEN LEARN
THAT IT IS HOPELESS?

YAAAAH! ADOLPH
HITLER--! COLONEL
HAUSNER WAS
RIGHT! IT IS THE
FUHRER!



WOURS LATER, THE MEN SAT QUIETLY IN SMALL, TENSE GROUPS, TALKING IN LOW UNDERTONES. OVERHEAD, THE EVERCONSTANT MOISTURE DRIPPED AND OOZED THROUGH WALLS GREEN WITH SLIME AND AGE...THEN--

I DON'T LIKE THE
WAY HE'S BEEN ACTING
LATELY! LISTEN TO
HIM!

MEN--IT IS HE! DON'T
YOU SEE HIM? HITLER'S
HEAD APPROACHES
US, LOOK!!



NO! DON'T BE DECEIVED! THIS IS SOME HORRIBLE SUPERNATURAL CREATURE MASQUERADE AS THE FUHRER! SHOOT IT DOWN, YOU FOOLS! IF YOU CAN NOW SEE IT--SHOOT!



**BUT BULLETS
DID NOT
AFFECT THE
HORRIBLE
MONSTERS
THAT ROSE
ROTTED AND
NAUSEATING
FROM THE
GRAVES
OF THE
BURIAL
GROUND!
HITLER LEADS
A NEW ARMY
OF THE DAMNED
-BUT THIS
ARMY CAME
FROM THE
BEYOND...**



NO! PLEASE! FUHRER--
I--BEG YOUR
FORGIVENESS! LET
ME GO! AIIIEEEEE!

TOO LATE, ERIC! MY PETS
AWAIT TO TAKE YOU BACK
WITH THEM! AND I--WHILE I
AM THEIR MASTER--I TOO
HAVE MY OWN MASTER! LOOK
BEHIND YOU, ERIC!

TELL ME THIS
IS UNREALITY!
OH--SPARE ME
THIS FATE!
SOB...SOB...

HE HAS BEEN
DELIVERED?
MASTER! THERE
NOW REMAIN
BUT A FEW
MORE!

WELL DONE, SERVANT.
GO ABOUT YOUR
BUSINESS! I HAVE
SPECIAL DELIGHTS
FOR OUR NEWEST
MEMBER! WELCOME,
ERIC--WELCOME TO
HADES! HA, HA!

SO THE
SCREAMS
DIED DOWN--
AND THE
HELLISH
NOISES
SUBSIDED
ALONG WITH
THE WAILING
OF THE WIND
AND THE
WHINING OF
TREE-BRANCHES
BENT DOUBLE,
CEASED.
NEXT
MORNING,
THE LOCAL
POLICE
RODE
TOWARDS
THE
CASTLE...

THE VILLAGERS REPORTED
NOISES, EL CAPITAN! THE
CASTLE IS OWNED BY
A FOREIGNER--ONE
EMILO HARODA!

BUENO!
LET'S SEE IF
THE SENIOR
IS SAFE! HURRY
MEN!

MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE FOUND THE
DESTRUCTION AND DESOLATION INSIDE THE
GRIM WALLS. THEN ONE OF THEM ACCIDENTALLY
DISCOVERS THE PASSAGEWAY TO THE CAVERNS...

AHA! THIS IS THE OLD CORRIDOR
OF THE DOOMED! PERHAPS
THE OWNER TOOK REFUGE
HERE LAST NIGHT!

COME
THEN!
LEAD THE
WAY,
PEPITE!

THIS IS A HORRIFYING
SIGHT! EL CAPITAN--
WE'RE IN THE SIGHT
OF THE DAMNED!

AY! LOOK AT
THEIR FACES!
LOOK AT
THEIR
FACES!

FOR THERE LYING TWISTED IN WRETCHED
DEATH, WAS ERIC HAUSNER AND HIS
MEN--STARING--AND HORRIBLE--
ALL WITH THE HEAD OF ADOLPH
HITLER ETCHED ON THEIR FACES--

The moving finger
writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all
your pitié nor wit,
Shall lure it back
to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears
wash out a word
of it!

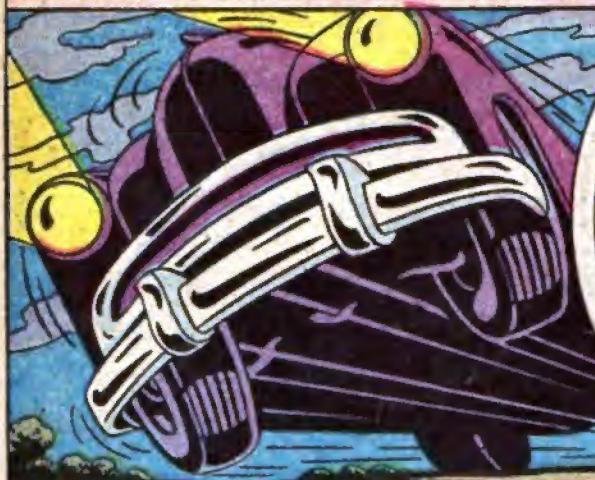


IF HENRY MASON
THOUGHT THAT THE
PAYMISTRESS WAS
BEAUTIFUL, HE
HADN'T MET....

The WAGE-EARNERS



"...GOT TO GET UP ENOUGH SPEED AND GET OUT OF THIS SWAMP! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN CRAZY!"



HEAVENS!
THERE'S A GIRL...
SHE'S IN MY WAY!
...I CAN'T STOP!!



HORRORS!
I'VE HIT HER!
GOT TO STOP...



I'VE KILLED HER! I'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE -- BUT...



I'VE GOT TO WIPE
THIS -- WHAT IS IT?
IT'S STICKY LIKE
BLOOD, BUT IT'S
GREEN ---

HELLO--



YOU GAVE
ME QUITE
A BUMP!

WHAT? ..



THEN I DIDN'T KILL
YOU? IN FACT, I
DIDN'T EVEN
SOIL YOUR
DRESS!

OH, YOU RUINED MY
CLOTHES, BUT I HAD
OTHERS IN MY SUIT-
CASE! I CHANGED BE-
FORE COMING HERE INTO
THE LIGHT!



WHEW! WELL AT LEAST
LET ME DRIVE
YOU HOME!

WOULD YOU
MIND?



WHY WAS A LOVELY
CREATURE LIKE YOU
HIKING ALONG THAT
LONELY CEMETERY
ROAD?

I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO
MEET SOMEONE, TO GIVE
HIM HIS WAGES--FOR
FATHER. YOU TURN HERE
TO THE LEFT. I LIVE IN THE
EVERGLADES.



I TAKE IT THAT YOUR
FATHER IS CUTTING
CYPRESS. BUT WHAT AN
ODD PLACE TO BE PAYING
FOR THE HELP!

IT'S SOMETHING LIKE
THAT. I NEVER KNOW
WHERE FATHER'S WAGE-
EARNER'S COME FROM.
THE CEMETERY'S AS
GOOD A PLACE AS ANY
TO MEET THEM.



I DON'T THINK YOU CAN GO FARTHER.
THANKS AWFULLY, I WISH YOU COULD
STOP A WHILE, BUT I SUPPOSE
YOU HAVE BUSINESS
OF YOUR OWN.

YES--
AN APPOINTMENT,
BUT---



I'LL SEE YOU
AGAIN, WON'T
I? I'M HENRY
MASON.

OH, OF COURSE,
HENRY. WHEN
YOU'RE THROUGH
WITH YOUR---AP-
POINTMENT--I'LL BE
WAITING FOR YOU
RIGHT HERE!



BUT HOW WILL YOU
KNOW---UH--
SHE'S GONE!



A STRANGE GIRL--BUT WHAT
A BABE! YES, I'LL SEE HER
AGAIN, ALL RIGHT. SHE AND
I WILL BE KISSING THIS---
GHASTLY SWAMP GOOD-BYE
SOONER THAN SHE
KNOWS!



TURNING THE HUGE CAR BACK TO THE HIGHWAY HENRY MASON AGAIN HEADED TOWARD HIS DESTINATION. EVILNESS WAS ALL AROUND HIM.



EVILNESS WAS HIS COMPANION AS HE DROVE TOWARD AN UNSUSPECTING BUT WORRIED FIANCÉE!



BUT LITTLE DID HENRY MASON SUSPECT THAT EVILNESS WAS DESTINED TO BE HIS UNDOING EVEN THOUGH IT SAT BESIDE HIM AND WAS IN HIS HEART DURING THE LONG RIDE.



HERE AT LAST. NOW FOR THE DIRTY WORK!



BUT EVEN AS HENRY MASON RANG THE DOORBELL TO CALL ON HIS TRUSTING DATE, HE SENSED A SINISTER FEELING THAT OVERPOWERED HIM...



CASTING HIS FEARS TO ONE SIDE...HE ENTERED THE HOUSE!

OH, HENRY, I WAS SO WORRIED WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME!

I WAS DELAYED, DARLING. IS EVERYTHING READY?



I'VE DRAWN ALL MY MONEY FROM THE BANK, DEAREST. HERE IT IS!



GOOD! AND THE CARDS?

YES, I HAVE THEM ALL HERE! LISTEN TO THIS: "DEAR COUSIN BLANCHE: HENRY AND I ARE SO HAPPY! WE ARE SPENDING A FEW DAYS AT NIAGARA FALLS!"

IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS -- YOUR SUGGESTING THAT WE WRITE ALL OUR CARDS BEFORE LEAVING, DEAR! NOW WE CAN SPEND EVERY MINUTE OF OUR TIME TOGETHER!

THEN LET'S GO, SWEETHEART. IF YOU WANT YOUR OLD FAMILY PASTOR TO PERFORM THE CEREMONY, WE'LL HAVE TO DRIVE ALL NIGHT TO REACH HIS PRESENT PARISH.

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!



IT'S ODD, HENRY, THAT HAVING LIVED AROUND HERE ALL YOUR LIFE, YOU SHOULD INSIST ON DRIVING BACK TO THESE SWAMPS TODAY!

I REALLY NEVER HAD TIME TO VISIT THEM, MY LOVE, AND THOUGHT I OUGHT TO BEFORE DRIVING NORTH. LET'S GET OUT OF THE CAR!



HERE DEEP IN THE SWAMPLAND, YOU CAN FEEL THE POWER OF NATURE!

IT'S ACTUALLY SPOOKY! I'D BE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH IF I WEREN'T WITH YOU!



HENRY, YOU'RE PRESSING MY THROAT! HENRY, YOU'RE CHOKING --- WHAT ARE YOU DOING? --- HENRY! --

YOU GET THE IDEA!





TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH--A STACK OF POST CARDS TO THROW RELATIVES OFF THE TRACK! I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SEE MY LITTLE BEAUTY OF THE SWAMPS!



I KNEW YOU'D COME, HENRY. I WANT YOU TO MEET THE REST!



HELLO, EVERYONE! THIS IS HENRY!

HENRY!

LET US FEEL HIM!

HENRY!



YES! FEEL HIM!
FEEL HIM! THIS
IS HENRY!

AWK!!

KEEP YOUR
HANDS OFF
HIM!



HERE, LET ME HAVE THAT, MY DEAR! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THESE SUB-HUMAN CREATURES!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM! THEY'RE JUST FATHER'S WAGE-EARNERS!!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOUR FATHER'S---
SAY WHAT'S ALL THIS GREEN OOZE?
IT ISN'T BLOOD— IT'S THE
SAME STUFF THAT WAS
ON THE BUMPER OF
MY CAR!

WAIT--I HEAR
FATHER COMING
FROM THE SWAMP/
LET'S GO AND MEET HIM!

FATHER! I'VE ANOTHER
WAGE-EARNER!
HENRY MASON!



HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S
ALL THIS ABOUT? I DON'T
WORK FOR YOUR
FATHER!

WHO
SAID YOU
DID?

THEN WHAT
WAGES ARE
YOU TALK-
ING ABOUT?

WHY, THE
**WAGES OF
SIN—
DEATH!**

ARGH-H-H-H-H!



HERE IS HENRY, FATHER!
HE'LL FIND OTHER WAGE-
EARNERS FOR YOU, FOR
HE REALLY RECOG-
NIZES—**SIN!!**



A GOOD SPECIMAN! A
GOOD SPECIMAN
INDEED!

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO
GET OUT OF THIS UGLY
MASQUERADE OUTFIT
AND FEEL NATURAL FOR
A CHANGE!



THE END



THE CAVE OF THE BATS

BY BURR DETT

SEATED opposite one another in the luxurious smoking lounge of the Explorers Club in New York City, were Howard Henderson and Walter Winston. Only qualified world-wide explorers known to the National Geographic Society were allowed to be members of the club. Henderson and Winston were charter members. Both were older men, straight as a ramrod, tanned from the wind and outdoors. They were handsome enough to pass for mature motion picture actors of the muscular out-door type.

The two famous men had finished their dinner and were seated quietly smoking, while they sipped their after-dinner brandy. Henderson was the first to speak after putting down his drink.

"Walter," he inquired suddenly, "what would you call the most interesting experience you found during your thirty years of exploring?"

Winston puffed on his cigar, meditated for a moment, then started to talk.

"Have you ever heard of the Cave of the Bats?" he asked. "What would you think if I were to tell you that right here in the United States you will find a cave so huge that every night millions, not hundreds or thousands, but millions and millions of bats fly out to scourge the countryside for food and water, ransack farms, kill small animals, and even attack humans, then, when the morning sun starts to rise, return to their grimy hole and again wait for night to fall and repeat the flight? Millions I say!"

Henderson's eyebrows pinched together in disbelief as he pulled on his pipe. He answered quietly.

"Sounds rather far-fetched, Walter, but I suppose there is such a place, though I'll admit I've never visited it. You should know! Where is it?"

"You're a real American, Howard. You've been to every strange land and visited every

weird city, yet you have never been to one of the greatest wonders of the world that is right here in the good old United States."

"That's right, Walter. But you're mistaken—I have visited our country. All of it! But I don't remember a cave so huge that it is the grandfather of all batland, where millions of bats come out at night to roam the countryside!"

"Want to hear about it?" Walter Winston asked Henderson, as he hunched down in his leather chair, relaxing with his pony of brandy. Without waiting for Henderson's reply, he started to relate his story.

"Not many years ago, shortly after the turn of the century, a lone cowboy, named Buck Wilson, was riding the range-land in New Mexico looking for stray mavericks. Toward evening, feeling tired from hours in the saddle, he got off his horse and squatted on the ground to roll a cigarette. Looking over a small dune near some trees he noticed a bat fly out of a hole in the slope just about large enough to walk into standing up. Tying his lariat to his saddle, he inched into the natural cave as far as the end of the rope. The hole was pitch black and he was too terrified to go farther without more rope to guide his return. Forty or fifty feet, that was about as far as he went, but it was enough for him. He felt restless movement all around him and rightly suspected more bats."

"When he returned to the ranch, he told his foreman and the owner about the discovery. Some days later they returned equipped with ropes, torches, and other equipment for an extensive exploration. But even by tying hundreds of feet of rope together, they still could not find an end to the mysterious cave. And the light of the torches revealed an endless sea of bats—millions and millions—beyond belief. Weeks later they got thousands of feet of rope, and even then they could not reach the end of the strange tunnels. It was winter now and there were no bats. The cave became

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a local curiosity for many years and it was finally determined that this cave was the summer home of millions and millions of bats. No one knew where the cave ended, where it went, how long it was, how deep, and what caused the weird series of tunnels they could see from their limited investigations."

"Where is this place," Henderson asked. "Your story fascinates me."

"Resting in the foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains of Southeastern New Mexico, twenty-seven miles from the city of Carlsbad. The United States Government, Department of Parks, took over the mysterious cavern some years ago..."

"How big is it?" Henderson asked.

"So big," Winston replied, "that only seven miles have been mapped and are passable, although thirty-two miles have been explored. However, trails and lighting have not been set up in all the explored areas. No one knows how many miles of unexplored caverns remain. The entrance cave is one of the largest, and it enters into another still larger, and another, just as you would go from room to room in a house, each large, large enough to place buildings like Madison Square Garden or the Coliseum. So huge they are unbelievable, filled with mysterious crags and dripings."

"But how do you see the rooms in the dark?" Henderson queried.

"The entire seven miles are now open to the public and electric-lighted. There are even lunch rooms 750 feet below the surface, rest rooms, first aid stations, offices, elevators, every modern convenience. The rooms or caverns, now explored and open to the public have been named the King's Chamber, the Queen's Chamber, Papoose Chamber and the Green Lake Room. Can you imagine an underground cavern large enough to have a lake? Seems unbelievable, doesn't it?"

"Walter," Henderson said, "you've aroused



my curiosity. I must visit this strange place in New Mexico. You know, 'see America first' was always my motto."

"You'll never regret it," Winston replied. "It's quite a sight. Why, the Big Room in the cavern is 4000 feet long. That's nearly one mile. There are over two-and-one half miles of trail in it alone. And that's not all, when they get through exploring the present level, and there is no telling how many years that will take, there are two more levels farther down that experts claim are even more extensive than the ones now open. What do you think of that?"

"Some cave, I'd say, and some story too. Walter, what's the name of the place? Cave of the Bats, you say?"

"No, Howard, that's what the Indians used to call the cave. But it is now called The Carlsbad Caverns, and I urge you to see it. One of the great wonders of the world, you know! You may have heard about it for years, read books or pamphlets or articles about it, but no words can capture its mystery."

"But, Walter," Henderson said, "what is the mystery?"

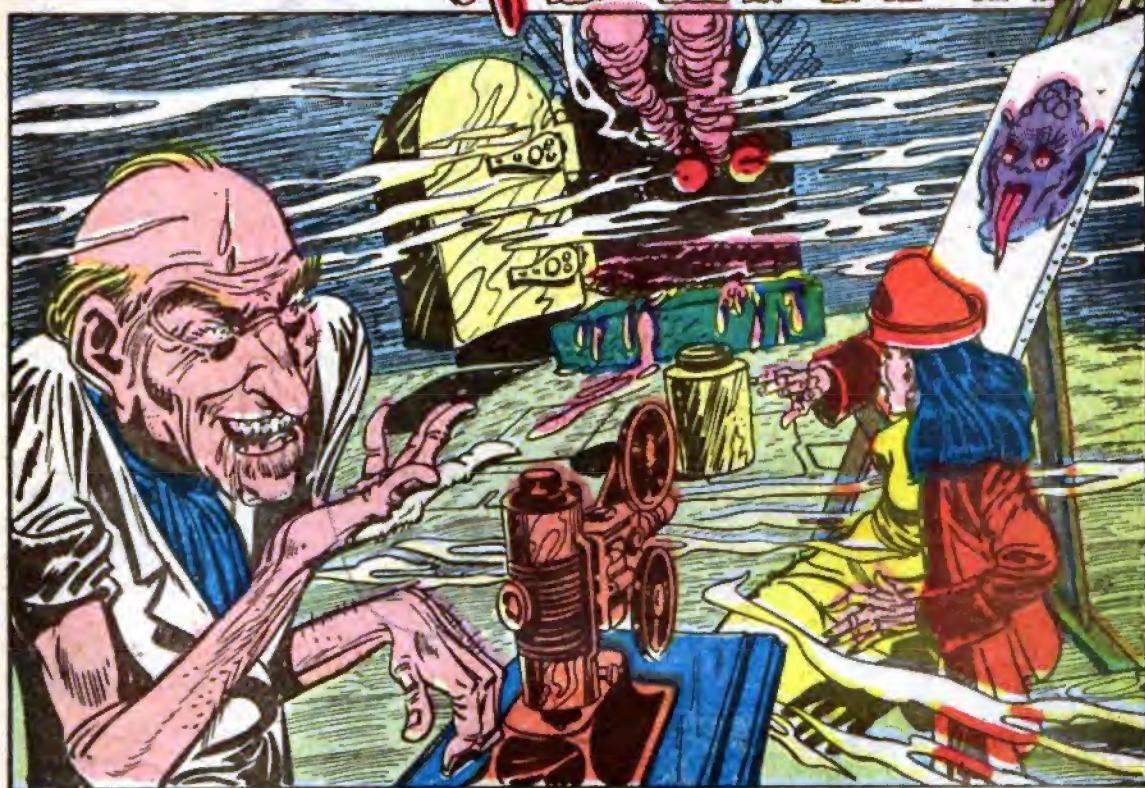
"The mystery, Howard, is the mystery of time. Who knows how old the world is? And who knows the secret of the cave? No one knows! No one knows what weird and terrible phenomena of nature caused it—earthquake, underground explosion, underground landslide—who knows? You can see seven miles of it—but there are miles and miles and miles of strange mysterious underground passages, filled with queer animals, strange birds, even blind fish, each unknown to the world and seldom seen by human eyes. Where did the millions of bats come from and where do they so mysteriously go and why return each summer to the same ageless and endless caverns in spite of the now endless stream of visitors there each year? Maybe, even hundreds of years from now, the entire cavern will not have revealed all its mysteries. Dangerous and mysterious—the unexplored—but in time—ah, the mystery of time..."



THE END

WHAT MYSTERIOUS CREATURES INHABIT THE AIR AROUND US-- AND THE EARTH BEHIND OUR FEET? PAT CARTER, ACE GIRL REPORTER, HAS A GLIMPSE OF THEM, DURING ONE NIGHT OF TERROR--WHEN SHE WATCHES A MAD ARTIST COMPLETE A...

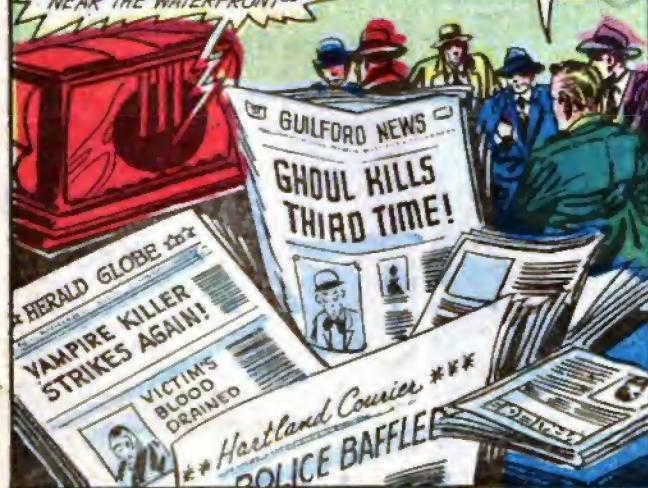
PORTRAIT of DEATH



A SERIES OF SHOCKING MURDERS ROCK AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CITY...

I TELL YE, THAT KILLER AINT HUMAN! MY GRANDADDY USED TO TELL STORIES OF--

FLASH! ANOTHER BLOODLESS BODY WAS JUST FOUND NEAR THE WATERFRONT--



NEWS-HEN PAT CARTER RUSHES TO THE LATEST MURDER SCENE AND FINDS HER FIANCÉ, DETECTIVE JIM YOUNG, ALREADY THERE-

JIM, IS IT--?

HELLO PAT. YEAH THE SAME THING! VICTIM DEAD... DRAINED OF BLOOD AND NO CLUES!

IT'S SO HORRIBLE AND

THAT MAN WITH THE
SATCHEL! I WONDER IF
HE HAS ANY CONNECTION?



BYE NOW JIM! I--I HAVE
TO GET BACK AND WRITE
MY STORY.

HMMMA! THERE GOES A
SMART REPORTER--AND IT'S
JUST POSSIBLE SHE'S GOT
ON TO SOMETHING WE'VE MISS-
ED. LET'S FOLLOW HER, PETE!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

WELL, MISS BLOODHOUND,
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



WHEW! JIM, YOU
STARTLED ME! CAN'T A
GIRL DO A JOB BY
HERSELF? BUT AS LONG
AS YOU'RE HERE, LISTEN
TO THIS--

I FOLLOWED A MAN
CARRYING A SATCHEL
FROM THE SCENE OF
THE CRIME TO THIS HOUSE
-- AND GUESS WHOSE
PLACE IT IS!

I KNOW. IT'S ERIC
GILMAN'S, THE MAN WHO
PAINTS ALL THE PICTURES
OF OGRES AND MONSTERS.
AN INTERESTING
COINCIDENCE!



OH, STOP! HE WOULDN'T
BE THE MURDERER-- PROBABLY JUST COLLECTING LOCAL COLOR.
I'M GOING TO INTERVIEW
HIM AND GET HIS
VIEWS ON THE
MURDERS. AND
DON'T HANG AROUND
TO SPOIL MY PLANS!

OKAY, HONEY
I'LL GIVE YOU
FIFTEEN
MINUTES.
THEN I'M
COMING IN--



FIND A MOMENT LATER...

A REPORTER, EH? YOU ARE
CURIOUS ABOUT MY PICTURES,
I SUPPOSE? WELL, I CAN
SPARE TEN MINUTES. COME
IN, WILL YOU PLEASE?



IF SHE DOESN'T COME
OUT ON TIME--WE'RE
GOING AFTER HER. I
DON'T LIKE THIS
PLACE!

I KNOW
WHAT YOU
MEAN!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE HOUSE...

MR. GILMAN, I'VE HEARD PEOPLE ASK HOW YOU GET SUCH LIFELIKE FEELING INTO YOUR IMAGINARY SUBJECTS--AND KNOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN.

IMAGINARY? WHO'S TO SAY THESE CREATURES DO NOT EXIST?

OH, PLEASE! YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE--

WHY NOT? LOOK AT THIS ONE. OUR ANCESTORS BELIEVED IN THEM, ESPECIALLY HERE IN NEW ENGLAND. THE AIR AND THE EARTH WERE RUMORED TO BE FULL OF OGRES, GARGOYLES AND ALL SORTS OF WEIRD BEINGS



MR. GILMAN, I REALLY CAME TO ASK YOUR OPINION ABOUT--

THE TIME I'M SORRY, MY DEAR, YOU MUST LEAVE, PLEASE, IMMEDIATELY!



AGER FOR A STORY, PAT STALLS UNTIL...

--AND MY READERS WOULD LOVE TO KNOW--OH! WHAT WAS THAT?

I TOLD YOU TO GO, YOU LITTLE FOOL!



ALRIGHT, MR. GILMAN. I'LL GO!

HA! HA! TOO LATE MY DEAR! NOW YOU MUST STAY. YOU CAME TO LEARN A LITTLE ABOUT ME--NOW YOU WILL LEARN ALL! HE-HE-HE!



COME--THIS WAY, MY DEAR, AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY PRIVATE WORKROOM!

BUT I'D RATHER NOT-- IS HE CRAZY? WELL I'LL BE DARNED IF I'LL SCREAM LIKE A SILLY FOOL!

THERE! NOW YOU SHALL SEE THINGS THAT NO PERSON OF YOUR GENERATION HAS EVER SEEN.

PLEASE! I WANT TO GO--



MR. GILMAN! WHY ARE YOU LOCKING THE DOOR? LOOK AT THAT BRICKED-OVER ARCHWAY! IT USED TO CONNECT WITH THE ACTUAL TUNNELS AND SEWERS THAT OUR ANCESTORS BELIEVED WERE INHABITED BY DEMONS!



...AND WE DISCOVER THAT THE ARCHWAY STILL CONNECTS WITH THE ANCIENT TUNNELS!

WHY, YOU'RE MAD!... YOU ARE THE KILLER E-I-E-E-E-S



SEE? HA-HA! I HAVE PLEASE, A MOVIE CAMERATO RECORD THE ACTIONS OF MY MODELS! AND HERE ON THE EASEL, IS MY LATEST SUBJECT! NOW ARE YOU BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND?



MR. GILMAN! UNLOCK THE DOORS! AND LAST, BUT THE BLACK OF MOST IMPORTANCE, THAT'S-- THE BAIT! AH, YES-- THE BAIT!



RIGHT! IT'S BLOOD! AND NOW A MERE PUSH OF THE BUTTON-- HA-HA-HA!



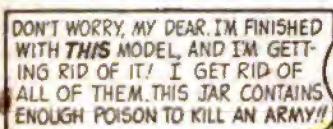
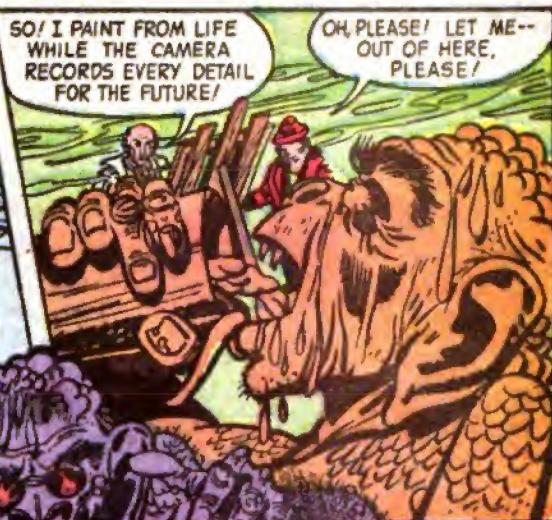
WHAT IS--? THERE'S SOMETHING--!

RIGHT! RIGHT! THERE'S SOME THING WATCH CLOSELY!



NOW YOU CAN SEE WHY THE SUBJECTS OF MY PAINTINGS LOOK ALIVE--!





AT THAT MOMENT, UPSTAIRS...

WELL, THE FIFTEEN
MINUTES ARE--
WHAT WAS THAT?

IT CAME FROM
BELOW! THERE'S
THE STAIRS--
COME ON!



THE DOORS LOCKED!
I'M GOING TO...

THAT'S IT! SHOOT THE LOCK
OFF, AND WE'LL BREAK IN!



THERE'S SOMETHING
IN THAT TUNNEL!

THIS OUGHT TO
STOP IT, WHATEVER
IT IS!

AAGHHHHHHH!

BUT THE VIBRATIONS OF THE SHOTS ARE TOO
MUCH FOR THE ANCIENT MASONRY, AND...



PAT! HONEY, ARE
YOU ALRIGHT?
WHAT HAPPENED?

OH, JIM IT WAS
AWFUL! A HUGE
MONSTER CAME,
AND---



NEXT DAY, IN JIM'S OFFICE...

JIM, I TELL
YOU I SAW
IT! IT WAS
AS REAL AS-

AW, BABY YOU
COULDN'T! YOU
HAD A NIGHT-
MARE, OR MAYBE
THAT CRAZY
GILMAN HYPNO-
TIZED YOU OR
SOMETHING--



WELL, HERE'S THE
FILM FROM GILMAN'S
CAMERA. LET'S RUN
IT OFF!

PUT IT
ON, AND WE'LL SEE--

YOU'LL
SEE
ALRIGHT!



AND SO, A MOMENT LATER...

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?

IT--IT IS REAL!

WOWW! FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER WAS A PIKER COMPARED TO THAT!

THIS IS WHERE THE MONSTER UNDERSTOOD ABOUT THE POISON.

THANK HEAVENS HE WASN'T SURE AT YOU!

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GILMAN?

I DON'T KNOW--I PASSED OUT. MAYBE WE'LL SEE IT NOW!

THIS MUST BE JUST BEFORE WE CAME IN, PETE!

OHHH! I CAN'T LOOK!

AT LEAST WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO GILMAN. BRRRRR!!

ENOUGH.. TURN IT OFF, PETE. NOW LISTEN TO ME, YOU TWO-

NOT A WORD OF THIS MUST LEAK OUT! I'LL REPORT TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES, BUT THE GENERAL PUBLIC MUSTN'T KNOW. WE'D HAVE PANIC IN NO TIME!

I UNDERSTAND, JIM. I PROMISE NO STORIES.

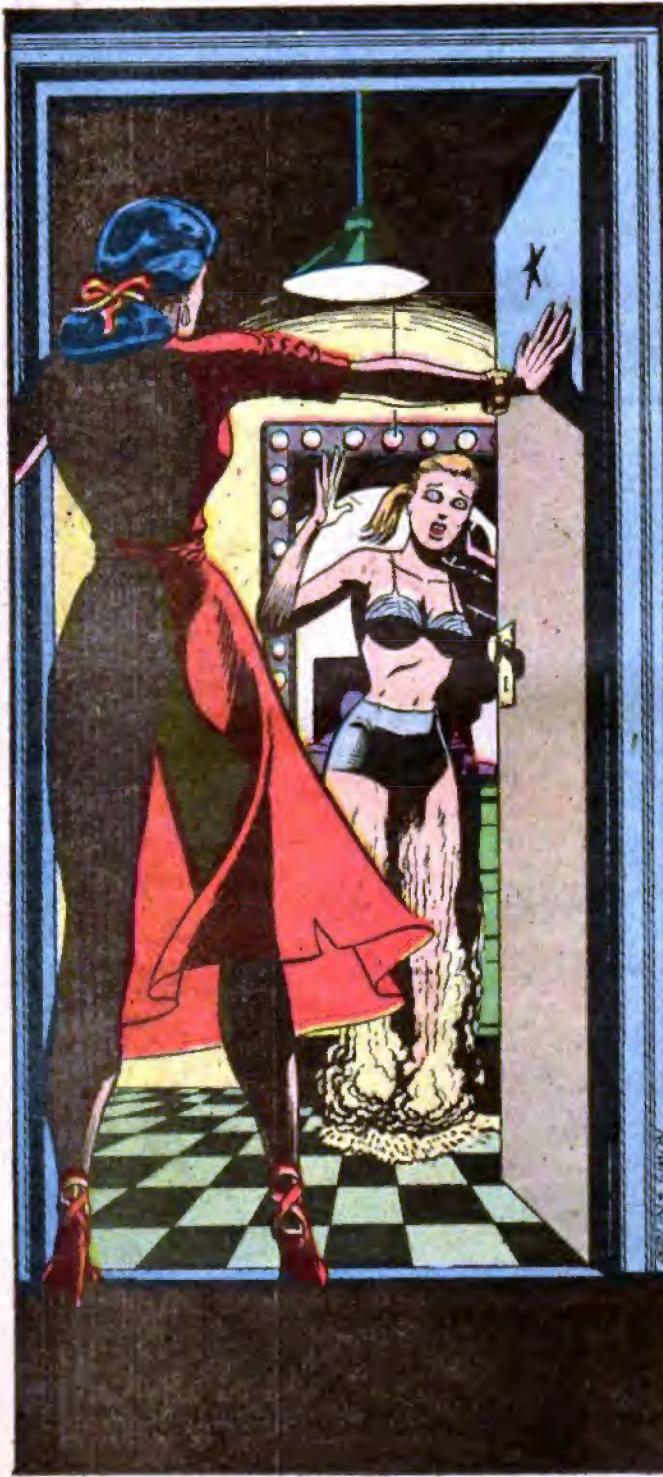
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW PEOPLE WOULD FEEL IF THEY KNEW WHAT MONSTROSITIES INHABIT THE VERY EARTH UNDER THEIR FEET?

I KNOW HOW THEY'D FEEL--BECAUSE I'M GOING TO FEEL THAT WAY FROM NOW ON!

THE END

Scorching Gypsy blood
and a thirst for violent revenge
flowed through the veins of
beautiful Lucille Allesandro!
But how was she to know that
her dread family curse was
easier to conjure than control!

THE INVISIBLE CURSE



IN A NEW YORK THEATRICAL OFFICE...

I MUST GET THAT WE SEEM TO BE PART OF JULIET! MR. MILES WILL KNOW I'M RIGHT FOR IT!

IN COMPETITION FOR THE ROLE, LUCILLE! BUT HERE HE COMES NOW!



THE AUDITIONS ARE TOMORROW, GIRLS! THE RIGHT GIRL WILL BE SIGNED TO PORTRAY SHAKESPEARE'S JULIET!



LUCILLE ALLESANDRO'S DETERMINATION TO GET THE PART IS INTENSE. THAT EVENING WHEN SHE RETURNS TO HER ROOM, SHE CALLS TO HER LONG-DECEASED GYPSY GRANDMOTHER!

THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE WAITED FOR. NOTHING MUST STAND IN MY WAY! GRANDMA TANYA I NEED YOUR HELP!



OH, COME TO ME NOW, DEAR GRANDMOTHER! PROVIDE ME WITH GUIDANCE AND A GOOD OMEN! COME NOW! BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON!



AT THE AUDITION THE NEXT DAY LUCILLE RECITES HER PART... CONFIDENTLY... AS IF THE TASK WERE A MERE FORMALITY!

ROMEO, OH ROMEO! WHEREFOR ART THOU RO----

THAT'S ENOUGH! MISS ALLESANDRO, I'M SORRY... /



YOU'RE SORRY! YOU FOOLS! NOBODY BUT LUCILLE ALLESANDRO CAN PORTRAY JULIET! YOUR SORROW HAS YET TO BEGIN!

BUT LUCILLE... I----



THE REJECTED ACTRESS STORMS BACK TO HER ROOM, BRIMMING WITH VENOMOUS HATE!

GORDON MILES AND KAREN GARNETT! THEY'LL LIVE TO REGRET THE WRONG THEY'VE DONE! OH! GRANDMOTHER! IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, COME!



GRANDMOTHER TANYA! I----

I KNOW, MY DEAR! YOU HAVE BEEN WRONGED BY THOSE STUPID IDIOTS! BUT YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR REVENGE! YOU MAY USE THE INVISIBLE CURSE! BUT BEWARE OF ITS POWER, MY CHILD!



THE INVISIBLE CURSE! HA-HA! THOSE BLUNDERING FOOLS DESERVE NOTHING LESS! HA-HA!

HEE-HEE! THEY SHALL PAY! NOW I MUST LEAVE YOU, MY CHILD!



ARMED WITH THE DREAD INVISIBLE CURSE FOR CENTURIES THE ALLESANDRO CLANS MOST POTENT WEAPON, THE CRAZED ACTRESS RETURNS TO THE OFFICE OF GORDON MILES!



HAVING PLACED THE FIENDISH CURSE UPON THE PRODUCER, THE LUST-RIDDEN LUCILLE ALLESANDRO GLEEFULLY WATCHES ITS FANTASTIC ACTION!



GACKLING WITH DELIGHT, THE PERVERTED ACTRESS RETURNS TO HER ROOM!

HA-HA-HA! WHAT A FOOL MILES
WAS TO DEFY THE POWER OF THE
FAMILY CURSE! REVENGE!

BUT AS THE POISONOUS LUST WARPS HER,
IT ALSO INFECTS HER ONCE BEAUTIFUL BODY!

MY SUPERB BEAUTY! IT'S GONE! BUT NO
MATTER! I'M STILL ATTRACTIVE ENOUGH!
AND NOW TO DEAL WITH KAREN
GARNETT!

LUCILLE! WHAT'S-----

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL,
KAREN! BUT NO
MORE THAN I/
THE INVISIBLE
CURSE IS UP ON
YOU! HA-HA-AH-HA!
I SHALL PLAY
JULIET!

AHHEEEEEE! LUCILLE! WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE!

HA-HA!

MY LEGS! NO! NO!

AHHEEEEEE! I'M....

THE CURSE, KAREN!
GOODBYE, JULIET!
HA-HA!

CHOKING... I'M.....!

BACK IN HER ROOM, THE DEVILISH WOMAN GLOATS OVER HER GRUESOME TRIUMPH!

THE CURSE WORKED PERFECTLY, GRANDMOTHER! I THANK YOU! BOTH THESE IDIOTS ARE DEAD!

AND NOW TO BRUSH UP ON THE ROLE OF JULIET, FOR THERE WILL BE ANOTHER AUDITION FOLLOWING KAREN'S STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE! HEE-HEE!

ROMEO, WHEREFORE ART THOU, ROMEO? APPEAR NOW OR I SHALL DIE! HA-HA! I'M AS BRILLIANT AS EVER! NOW TO ACT IT OUT BEFORE MY MIRROR!

AHIIIEEEEE! NO! IT CANNOT BE ME! NOT THE BEAUTIFUL LUCILLE ALLESANDRO!

I'M RUINED! RUINED! IT'S ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING! I'M HIDEOUS! I CAN NEVER ACT AGAIN!

A FINE JULIET! THEY'D LAUGH ME OFF THE STAGE! I'M A BETTER GHoul! AHIIIEEEEE!



AND AS LUCILLE ALLESANDRO PLUNGES TO HER DEATH IN THE COURTYARD BELOW... THE FATEFUL POWER OF THE INVISIBLE CURSE CONTINUES TO PLAGUE HER!



AMAZING! AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

NEWEST RECORDS

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Hit Parade
Break-Resistant
Vinylite Filled

CHOOSE . . .

- 18 Hit Parade Tunes
OR
 18 Most Loved Hymns
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 18 Hill Billy Hits

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18 HIT TUNES

It's No Sin
Slow Poke
Tell Me Why
Cry
The Little White Cloud
That Cried
Charmaine
Anytime
Jealousy
Shrimp Boat

Be My Life's Companion
Please Mr. Sun
Bermuda
Wheel of Fortune
Tiger Rag
Black Smith Blues
Ham Bone
Blue Tango
Perfidia

OR 18 HILL BILLY HITS

It Is No Secret
May the Good Lord Bless
and Keep You
Give Me More, More, More
Music Makin' Mama from
Memphis
Alma—We're Really in Love

Somebody's Been Beat-
in' My Time
Let Old Mother Nature
Have Her Way
Crazy Heart
Mom and Dad's Waltz
Silver and Gold
Wandering
Buckles of Southern
Cheshire
Too Old to Get The
Method

Cryin' Heart Blues

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OR 18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer
Onward, Christian Soldiers
What a Friend We Have
in Jesus
Church in the Wildwood
In the Garden
Faith of Our Fathers
There Is Power in the Blood
Leaning on the Everlasting
Arms
Since Jesus Came Into
My Heart
Trust on Me

Jesus Keep Me Near the
Cross
Softly and Tenderly
Dear Lord and Father of
Mankind
A Mighty Fortress
Sun of My Soul
It Is No Secret What
Good Can Do
May the Good Lord
Bless and Keep You
Just a Closer Walk with
Thee

the FIRST TIME—You can have the BRAND NEW HITS and POPULAR RECORDINGS—18 NEWEST hits, favorites in all—for the AMAZING, unbelievable S. of only \$2.98. That's right, 18 TOP SELECTIONS which separately would cost up to \$16.02 in stores, on records—**YOURS** by mail for only \$2.98! YES, you can

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FREE!

If you RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW you get at NO EXTRA COST whatever ever a SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE! ORDER 18 Hit Parade Tunes or 18 Hill Billy Hits or 18 Most Loved Hymns or ORDER ALL THREE SETS FOR only \$7.95. But, SUPPLY IS LIMITED; so, order at once. SEND COUPON TODAY. Order now on Money-Back Guarantee.

MAIL COUPON NOW—10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

HIT TUNES COMPANY, Dept. 127
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen: Please RUSH the 18 Top Selections along with the GIFT SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE on your NO-RISK 10 Day Money Back Guarantee. Enclose \$2.98 for each group of 18 selections with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied you will return my money.

- | | |
|--|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Newest Hit Tunes..... | \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Hymns | 2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Hill Billy Hits..... | 2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> All Three Groups, 54 Songs..... | 7.95 |

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Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Spot Reducer



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING
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or without electricity—this need not
be an aid in the relief of pains for which
massage is indicated.

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